Looke how a bird lyes tangled in a net,
So fastned in her armes *Adonis* lyes,
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beautie in his angrie eyes:
Raine added to a riuer that is ranke,
Perforce will force it ouerflow the banke.

Still she intreats, and prettily intreats,
For to a prettie eare she tunes her tale.
Still is he sullen, still she lowres and frets,
Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashie pale;
Being red she loues him best, and being white,
Her best is betterd with a more delight.

Looke how he can, she cannot chuse but loue,
And by her faire immortall hand she sweares,
From his soft bosome neuer to remoue,
Till he take truce with her contending teares,
Which lõg haue rain'd, making her cheeks all wet,
And one sweet kisse shall pay this comptles debt.

Vpon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a diuedapper peering through a waue,
Who being lookt on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to giue what she did craue,
But when her lips were readie for his pay,
He winks, and turnes his lips another way.

Neuer did passenger in sommers heat,
More thirst for drinke, then she for this good turne:
Her helpe she sees, but helpe she cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burne:
Oh pittie gan she crie, flint-hearted boy,
Tis but a kisse I beg, why art thou coy?

I haue bene woo'd as I intreat thee now,
Euen by the sterne, and direfull God of warre,
Whose sinowie necke in battell nere did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in euery iarre,
Yet hath he bene my captiue and my slaue,
And begd for that which thou vnaskt shalt haue.

Ouer my Altars hath he hung his launce,
His batterd shield, his vncontrolled crest,
And for my sake, hath learnd to sport and daunce,
To coy, to wanton, dally, smile and iest,
Scorning his churlish drumme, and ensigne red,
Making my armes his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that ouer-rulde, I ouer-swayed,
Leading him prisoner in a red rose chaine,
Strong temperd steele his stroger strength obeied.
Yet was he seruile to my coy disdaine,
Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For maistring her that foyld the God of fight.